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Established June, 1762, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-seventh year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with the exception of the dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is unique in that it contains over forty-two columns filled with interesting reading, editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

CAPTURED BY BANDITS

Newport Boy, Mining Engineer in Mexico, Carried Off by Outlaws, with Mexican Federal Troops in Pursuit.

A despatch from Mexico City to the Boston Traveller, under date of October 9, says that Federal troops have been sent in pursuit of bandits who early this month kidnapped Paul Yewell, American manager of a British mining concern at Parral, Chihuahua.

Mr. Yewell is the son of the late Horace Yewell, Chief Gunner, U. S. N., and a grandson of the late Charles Crandall of this city. He spent his early life in Newport, but after the death of his father many years ago, his mother removed to California, where she died a short time ago.

Mr. Yewell served in the aviation during the World War, with the rank of Lieutenant. He is a mining engineer by profession, and after the close of the war, spent some months in Newport, returning to the West to resume his profession. He was married a short time ago to a Los Angeles girl, and when he went to the mine in Mexico, he took his bride with him. After a few months, however, conditions there became so unsettled and threatening that he sent his wife back to her parents in California, but remained at his post himself. It has been known for some time that his position was a dangerous one, but the despatch from Mexico City is the first information that has reached his Newport relatives of his serious predicament.

Mr. Yewell's mother before her marriage was Miss Lillian Crandall, Mr. Yewell is a nephew of Mrs. John H. Sweet, Mrs. Joseph W. Albro, and Mrs. Alvah H. Sanborn.

REPUBLICAN RALLY

There was a large attendance at the rally held under the auspices of the Coolidge-Dawes Club in their headquarters on Thames street on Wednesday evening. President William F. Whitehouse called the meeting to order and presented former Governor R. I. Livingston Beeckman as the chairman for the evening. Governor Beeckman delivered a short address and presented as the first speaker, Mr. Ernest G. Adams of Massachusetts, a personal friend of President Coolidge, who talked at some length upon national issues. He paid a fine tribute to Jesse H. Metcalf, the Republican nominee for Senator from Rhode Island, and urged his election to support the President.

The next speaker was Nathaniel W. Smith, the Republican nominee for Lieutenant Governor, who spoke upon State issues principally. He recounted the conditions that have existed in the Legislature ever since the Democratic party as represented by the Governor and Lieutenant Governor came into power. He urged the support of the Republican candidates and a return to orderly constitutional government within the State.

The board of aldermen has awarded the contract for repairs to buildings on Dearborn street damaged by falling trees in the August storm to Matthew J. Faerber for \$492.

JAMESTOWN BURGLAR CAPTURED

There was a lot of excitement in Jamestown on Monday evening, almost overshadowing that witnessed in some of party caucuses that have been held in years past. A real live burglar was discovered at work, and his capture was effected by the combined efforts of the police and fire departments. A companion escaped in the excitement.

During the early evening, lights were seen in the Harrison S. Morris house, which has been closed for the season. The caretaker was notified and he summoned the police. Then the fire department was called, and the house was surrounded, while the headlights of the fire engines were turned on. Two men were seen, and one of them was overhauled by members of the posse, who quickly effected his arrest, although he is said to have threatened them with an axe. The other man apparently got away in the opposite direction, and probably made his escape by a small boat. An examination of the house showed that much damage had been done, doors having been smashed with an axe, and the whole place having been thoroughly ransacked. Silver was found tied up in bags in various parts of the house, and a small bag was found near where the stranger was captured.

The prisoner was brought to Newport and lodged in the Police Station here for safe keeping. He gave his name as Robert Horton and his age as 19 years. He denied that he had any companions, but the indications are that there were no less than three men concerned in the affair.

Horton was arraigned in the Police Court on Tuesday, charged with breaking and entering and larceny. He pleaded not guilty and was held for the action of the grand jury, which will not sit again until December. Further investigation in Jamestown showed that other summer residences had been entered.

BRIDGE MONEY ADVANCED

Last week there loomed a grave possibility, even a probability, of the Stone Bridge being closed to land traffic for a long period of time, due to the fact that the operating mechanism of the draw had worn out, and that there was no State appropriation to pay for repairs. A few days later, Mr. J. K. Sullivan, one of Newport's public spirited citizens, conferred with Bridge Commissioner Henry C. Wilcox, and informed him that he would advance the money necessary to pay for the repairs, and also to pay the overdue salaries of the bridge tenders. Mr. Wilcox at once took steps to secure the necessary parts for repairs to the bridge.

Thus a very serious situation is averted. It has long been the policy of the United States Government to insist upon navigable waters being kept open for vessels. In order to keep the Seacrest river open, it would have been necessary for the draw to have been opened at all times. It will be some weeks yet before the repairs to the bridge can be completed, but it is believed that the bridge can be used during that period, in view of the fact that repairs are underway. Without Mr. Sullivan's assistance, however, it is certain that the highway would have been closed for a long period, and this would have worked great damage to Newport.

The highway repairs beyond the bridge in the town of Tiverton are proceeding rather slowly, but the concrete has been laid on one side, which will be opened to traffic as soon as the cement has set properly. This is only the width of a single vehicle, however, so that there will still be much inconvenience in using the road. But the improvement will be very great when the work is completed.

Rev. Arthur B. Rudd will be formally instituted as rector of Emmanuel Church next Sunday morning, Bishop Perry officiating at the services. The members of the church and congregation will tender him a reception during the following week.

GROTTO WINS CUPS

The members of Kolah Grotto who made the week-end trip to Springfield to attend the annual outing and field day of the New England Grotto Association, returned to their homes on Sunday tired but happy. They had scored a victory in the two most important contests in Springfield and were entirely satisfied with the results.

Kolah Grotto Patrol was easily the winner in the drill contest, their third consecutive victory giving them permanent possession of the beautiful silver cup, which had been sought for by the various Grottos for five years. This triumph also brought to Newport the smaller cup which was offered as the award to the winner in this year's contest.

Their victory was not an empty one, as five Grottos put teams in the field and all were out to win. Kolah turned out but sixteen men, which cost them a penalty of 2½ points, but even then their score was 94, while Aletheia Grotto of Worcester, drilling with the full number, scored but 91 points. The other Patrols were from Omar of Boston, Suhrab of Providence, and Aziz of New Britain.

Kolah's other victory was for the best appearing organization in the parade. This also was a hard-won honor, as the other Grottos had determined to beat Kolah at her own game this year. However, when Kolah passed the judges' stand there was no choice but to award the decision to the Newport aggregation. Monarch C. Edward Farnum had procured Chief Petty Officers' white uniforms for those members who did not belong to the uniformed units, and these men dragged a float upon which was a miniature reproduction of the battleship Rhode Island resting upon a painted sea. This made a pronounced hit and drew much applause from the vast throngs that lined the streets of Springfield.

The outing was a great success in every particular. Springfield proved an ideal city to entertain the thousands of Prophets who attended, and at the Fair Grounds there was every convenience for the comfort of the members. Springfield has a magnificent municipal auditorium, where the ceremonial was held on Friday evening, and it was a revelation to the Newporters, who hoped that some day Newport might have a similar building.

WHITEHOUSE FOR SENATOR

At the Republican City Convention on Thursday evening Mr. William F. Whitehouse was unanimously nominated for State Senator to oppose Senator John H. Greene, Jr., the Democratic incumbent. The convention was entirely harmonious and enthusiastic. Mr. John Mahan presided and Mrs. Clara A. Smith was the secretary.

The name of Mr. Whitehouse was placed in nomination by Representative Fletcher W. Lawton, and was seconded in a stirring address by Judge Max Levy, a former Senator from Newport.

Mr. Whitehouse was then introduced and thanked the delegates for the nomination. A brief address was also made by Miss Grace B. Ross, the nominee for representative from the fifth district.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton Rice, one of our well known summer citizens, with other members of the Rice expedition to study tropical diseases in the interior of South America, arrived safely in New York last Saturday, with several other members of the expedition. Dr. Rice himself will not return till next January. Many fears have been expressed for the safety of the party, but they seem to be all right at present. The party was cut off from the outside world for six weeks by the Brazilian rebellion. Mrs. Rice reports that they could hear the firing of the guns in the rebel engagements, and once a rebel leader came and wanted to commandeer the hydroplane belonging to the expedition, but when it was explained that they were Americans, he went away and left them unmolested.

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SUPERIOR COURT

Judge Hugh B. Baker opened the October session of the Superior Court on Monday, and found a large amount of business ready for consideration. The grand jurors were sworn in and retired with the assistant attorney general to consider an unusually large number of cases. They did not report until Tuesday, when sixteen indictments were handed up, including four secret ones, in which cases capias was ordered to issue.

While the grand jury was out, the docket was looked over and a few motions were heard. A few cases were discontinued and some others were assigned for trial.

On Tuesday after the grand jury had reported, seven of the men who had been indicted were arraigned and pleaded not guilty. Bail was fixed in each case, and October 14th was assigned for trial. Two criminal appeals were heard, and sentences were imposed on pleas of nolo.

Uncontested divorce cases were then in order, and the following petitions were heard and granted: Annie Martin vs. Louis Martin, Elsie S. Romeo vs. Attilio Romeo, Jessie Holt vs. Robert Holt, Marion Rybicki vs. Thomas John Rybicki, Loretta M. Berry vs. Merren M. Berry, Helen M. V. Busch vs. Clark L. Busch, George Scott vs. Catherine Scott, Gertrude Agnes Crandall vs. Albert Saylor Crandall, Emily M. Parsonage vs. Joseph B. Parsonage.

On Wednesday the criminal docket was again in order, Assistant Attorney General Hartigan moving for sentence in several cases in which the defendants had no wish to contest. Then there was a jury trial in the case of State vs. William McKinley Jenkins, charged with simple assault, being an appeal from the District Court. A number of witnesses were heard, and in the summing up, Mr. Nolan, for the defendant, claimed that the whole affair was merely a family quarrel. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty.

On Thursday afternoon the case of State vs. Daniel Carvalho of Tiverton, charged with assault with a dangerous weapon upon Frances M. Santos of that town, was begun. Some of the evidence for the plaintiff was heard and the case was not finished when adjournment was taken for the day.

HOTEL DRIVE ON

The drive for a new hotel for Newport is in full blast, and the workers are meeting with much encouragement. At the daily noon lunches, very encouraging reports have been turned in, and while it is possible that the \$500,000 mark may not be reached, it looks very much as if the people would subscribe a sufficient sum to assure the hotel being built.

Before the actual drive started, the executive committee had been busy with some of the larger prospects, and the sum of \$241,600 was raised in advance. Each day the team workers have turned in pledges from the citizens generally, and while there are still many more persons to be seen, the results thus far are very good. The summer residents as a class have not been appealed to, as it is felt that Newport should build its own hotel.

Newport business men will find this the best investment that they have ever made, not perhaps from the actual net return on the stock that they buy, but from the increased value of their property here.

Combination No. 1 was called twice to the same building on Wednesday for fires in two different places. During the morning a short circuit caused a little alarm in the Horgan building, near the foot of Mill street, and again in the afternoon a spark had caught in a decayed post.

The United States destroyer Tourey came into Newport Harbor on Thursday, bringing two Newport men whom she had picked up from a disabled motor boat off Block Island.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

Officers Installed

The installation of officers of Esther Rebekah Lodge No. 6, I. O. O. F., was held recently in Odd Fellows Hall. A chowder supper was served in the lower hall previous to the installation. The tables were beautifully decorated with flowers and fruit, and chowder, crackers, coffee and squash pie were served to a large number of members and visitors. District Deputy President Mrs. Sarah C. A. Peckham, accompanied by her board of grand officers installed the following elected and appointed officers:

Noble Grand—Mrs. Lizzie J. Kaull.

Vice Grand—Mrs. Edith Barker.

Recording Secretary—Miss Evelyn Honeywell.

Financial Secretary—Mrs. Clara T. Booth.

Treasurer—Mrs. Lydia Rutledge.

Warden—Mrs. Josephine Vickers.

Conductor—Mrs. Elizabeth Bromley.

Chaplain—Mrs. Lizzie Barker.

R. S. to N. G.—Mrs. Emily Rupp.

L. S. to N. G.—Mrs. Thelma Boot.

R. S. to V. G.—Mrs. Katherine Dawley.

L. S. to V. G.—Mrs. Carrie Curtis.

Inside Guardian—Mrs. Florence Ehrlhardt.

Outside Guardian—Christopher Ward.

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Judith of Blue Lake Ranch

By JACKSON GREGORY

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Synopsis

CHAPTER I.—Bud Lee, horse foreman of the Blue Lake ranch, convinced Hayes Trevor, manager, is deliberately wrecking the property owned by Judith Sanford, a young woman her cousin, Pollock Hampton, and Timothy Gray, decides to throw up his job. Judith arrives and announces she has bought Gray's share in the ranch and will run it. She discharges Trevor.

CHAPTER II.—The men on the ranch dislike taking orders from a girl, but by subduing a vicious horse and proving her thorough knowledge of ranch life, Judith wins the best of them over. Lee decides to stay.

CHAPTER III.—Convinced her veterinarian, Bill Crowley, is treacherous, Judith discharges him, re-engaging an old friend of her father's, Doc Tripp.

CHAPTER IV.—Pollock Hampton, with a party of friends, comes to the ranch to stay permanently. Trevor accepts Hampton's invitation to visit the ranch. Judith's messenger is held up and robbed of the monthly pay roll.

CHAPTER V.—Bud goes to the city for more money, getting back safely with it, though his horse is killed under him. Both he and Judith see Trevor's hand in the crime. Bud cholera, had to account for, breaks out on the ranch. Judith and Lee investigate the scene of the holdup, climb a mountain, where the robber must have hidden.

CHAPTER VI.—A cabin in a flowered clearing excites Judith's admiration. It is Lee's, though he does not say so. They are fired on from ambush, and Lee wounded. Answering the fire, they make for the cabin. Here they find Bill Crowley wounded. Dragging him into the building, they find he has the money taken from Judith's messenger. Desolated in the cabin, they are compelled to stay all night.

CHAPTER VII.—Hampton, at the ranch, becomes uneasy at Judith's long absence. With Tommy Burkitt he goes to seek her, arriving in time to drive the attackers off, and capturing one man, known as "Shorty."

CHAPTER VIII.—"Shorty" escapes from imprisonment in the jailhouse on the ranch, to the disgust of Carson, cow foreman, who has him in charge. Lee begins to feel fondness for Judith, though he realizes she is not the womanly ideal. Marsha Langworthy, one of Hampton's party, typical oily girl, is more to his taste.

CHAPTER IX.—The discovery is made that pigeons, with hog cholera germs on their feet, have been liberally scattered on the ranch. Lee captures a stranger, Dick Donley, red-handed, with an accomplice, cowboy known as "Poker Face." Donley has brought more pigeons to the ranch.

CHAPTER X.—At a dance Judith gives, in honor of Hampton's friends, Lee appears in evening dress. He is recognized by one of the party as an old acquaintance, Dave Lee, once wealthy but ruined by trusting false friends. In her womanly energy, makes such an appeal to Lee that along with her, he forcibly kisses her, receiving the rebuke deserved.

CHAPTER XI.—Word is sent to Lee that Quinlin has been casting slurs on Judith's name because of the night she and Lee were together in the cabin. With Carson, Lee finds Quinlin, warns him in a night and makes him confess publicly he is a liar, and agrees to leave the vicinity.

A new flicker came into Lee's eyes. Then they went hard as polished agate.

"I didn't quite get you, Hampton," he said softly. "You say we're selling a hundred horses? Now?"

Hampton nodded, understanding nothing of what lay in Lee's heart.

"On the jump, just as fast as we can get them on the run," he said triumphantly. "Judith wanted me to tell you."

"I see," answered Lee slowly.

His eyes left Hampton's flushed face and went to the distant cliffs. It was no way of Bud Lee's to hide his eyes from a man, and yet now he did hide them. He did not want Hampton to see what they showed so plainly, in spite of his attempt to master his emotion. He was hurt. Long ago he offended Judith, and she had waited until now to repay his rude insult with this cool little slap in the face. She had not consulted him, she had not mentioned a sale to him, and now she sent Hampton and did not even come to him with a word of explanation. It was quite as if she had said: "You are just a servant of mine, like the rest, Bud Lee, and I treat you accordingly."

Until Judith had come, there had been nothing that this man loved as he did his work among his horses. He watched them as day after day they grew into clean-blooded perfection; he appraised their values; he saw personally to their education, helping each one of them individually to become the true representative of the proudest species of animal life. Had he turned his eye now to the herd down yonder he could have seen the animal he had selected for a brood-mare next year, the three-year-old destined to draw all eyes as he stepped distantly among the best of the single-steers in Golden Gate Park, the rich red bay gelding that he would mate for a splendid carriage team. . . . Oh, he knew them all. His human friends planned the future for each, the sale of each would be no sorrow but rather a triumph of success. And now, to see them stampeded and sold to Doan, Rockwell & Height—ever that bare! But most

repetitiously calling on Mrs. Simpson?

"I'd love to talk with you," he assured her. "But, as I've just hinted, my work here has got into the habit of running away with me into the night. I really came up for a word with Miss Sanford."

"Oh, didn't you know?" asked Marsha.

"Don't worry!" He frowned. "No, I didn't know. I haven't seen much of her lately and didn't know her plans. Where is she?"

"In San Francisco. Her lawyers sent for her, you know. Something about a tangle in her father's business. Funny you hadn't heard; she left Saturday night."

Saturday? This was Tuesday evening. Judith had been away three full days. Lee, thinking hurriedly, thought he saw now the explanation of Judith's ordering a sale like this. Her lawyers had found what Marsha called a "tangle" in Luke Sanford's affairs; there had been an instant call for a large sum of money to straighten it out, and Judith had accepted the only solution.

Still, it didn't seem like Judith to sell like this at a figure so ridiculously low. Doan, Rockwell & Height were not the only buyers on the coast; Lee himself could get more for the horses if he had two days' time to look around; the cattle were worth a great deal more than they were being sold for, even with the market out.

"Did she have an idea what the trouble was before she left?" he asked finally.

"Why?" said Marsha. "I don't know. You see, she slipped out late Saturday night after we'd all gone to bed. There was a message for her over the telephone; she got up, dressed, saddled her own horse and rode into Rocky Bend alone, just leaving a note for me that she might be gone a week or two."

Just why he experienced a sense of uneasiness even then, Lee did not know. It was like Judith to act swiftly when need be; to go alone and on the spur of the minute to catch her train; to slip out quietly without disturbing her guest.

"You have heard from her since?" he demanded abruptly.

"Not a word," said Marsha. "She doesn't like letter writing and so I haven't expected to hear from her."

Lee chatted with her for a moment, then climbing work still to be done, turned to go back down the knoll. A new thought upon him, he once more came to Marsha's side.

"I expect I'd better see Hampton," he said. "Do you know where he is?"

"Where he has been every night since Judith left," laughed Marsha. "He's old Mr. Business-Man these days, in the office."

There Lee found him. Hampton, his hair ruffled, Judith's table littered with market reports, and many sheets of paper covered with untidy figures, looked up at Lee's entrance.

"Hello, Bud," he said, reaching for cigarette and match. "Got everything ready for tomorrow?"

"Why didn't you tell me Miss Sanford had gone away?" was Lee's sharp rejoinder. Hampton flushed.

"Devil take those two eyes of yours, Bud," he said testily. "They're got a way of boring through a man until he feels like they were searching the furniture behind him. Well, I'll tell you. While Judith is away I am running this outfit. And the men think I'm coming straight from her with an order they obey it. If they get the notion she isn't here, they're apt to ask questions. That's why."

"This sale to Doan, Rockwell & Height," said Lee quickly. "You didn't cook that up, old you Hampton?"

"Lord, no!" cried Hampton. From its place on a file he took a yellow slip of paper, tossing it to Lee. "She sent me that this morning."

It was a Western Union telegram, saying briefly:

"Pollock Hampton."

Blue Lake Ranch.

"Am forced to sell heavily. Selling Doan, Rockwell & Height Wednesday morning, one hundred horses; as many beef cattle as Carson can round up. Accept terms made in their letter to you last week."

"JUDITH SANFORD."

The date line upon the message gave the sending point as San Francisco.

"They wrote you a letter offering to buy?" said Lee thoughtfully, his eyes rising slowly from the paper to his fingers. "How'd it happen they didn't write to her?"

"Well, it's a natural enough mistake, isn't it? Knowing that she and I were both part-owners, knowing that we were both here, isn't it quite to be expected that they would write to the man instead of to the woman? Of course I gave her the letter as soon as I had opened it."

"Of course," answered Lee.

But his thoughts were not with his answer. They were with Bayne Trevor. He knew that Trevor had long ago sold to these people; he knew, too, that at least two of the heavy shareholders in the Western Lumber company were interested in Doan, Rockwell & Height. Tom Rockwell himself was second vice president of the lumber company.

"Have you had any other word from Miss Sanford?" he asked.

"No."

"Know who her lawyers are?"

"No, I don't."

"Anything in her papers here that would tell us?"

"No. Her papers are in the safe yonder and it's locked and I don't know the combination."

"Know what hotel she is staying at in the city?"

Marsha laughed softly.

"To a man your size the second reason is absurd. . . . Will you sit down? You see, I am taking it for granted that you come here to see me. Unless," and her eyes twinkled brightly up at him, "you were sur-

"No. Look here, Bud; what are you driving at? I don't get you."

"Not?" answered Lee absently.

What Bud Lee was thinking was:

"Here are too many coincidences!" Little things, each one in itself safe from suspicion. But when he reflected that the offer had come from this particular firm, that it had come just a few days before Judith's first departure from the ranch, that it had been addressed not to her but to Hampton, so that he must have the opportunity to read it, that she had been called suddenly to the city, that that call had come after the house was quiet, its occupants in bed, that no letter had come since she had left, that no one knew where to reach her—when he passed all of these things in review he bitterness in his heart died under them and the first anxiety sprung up anew, grown almost into fear for her.

"There's just one thing, Hampton," he said, his eyes hard on the boy's face. "We don't sell a single hoof in the morning. Not a cow nor a horse until Judith is here herself."

Hampton, new in his role of general manager, flushed hotly, his own eyes showing fight.

"I like you, Lee," he said sharply, his tone that of master to man. "And I don't want us to quarrel. But Judith wired me to sell, I've wired the buyers an acceptance and we do sell in the morning!"

For a full minute Bud Lee stood stone still, staring into Hampton's

Bud Lee Stood—Staring into Hampton's Face.

face. Then, tossing the telegram to the table, he turned and went out. His face had gone suddenly white.

"They've got you somehow, Judith girl," he whispered through tense lips. "But the fight is still to be made. And, by God, there's a day of squaring accounts coming for a man named Bayne Trevor!"

He went to the bunk-house, neither seeing Marsha nor hearing her when she called after him, and with a word to Carson brought the late cattle foreman hurriedly outside.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Signal-Fire?

Bayne Trevor's way had ever been to play safe, the way of a coward or a wise man. Even now, no doubt he was giving an account of himself in legitimate endeavor at the lumber camp, putting in his appearance at his regular hour, safe miles lying between him and that which might occur upon the Blue Lake ranch, establishing alibis, conducting himself like the man he wished the world to think him. But in the mind of Bud Lee there was no question, no doubt, Bayne Trevor, or one of Bayne Trevor's gang, was even at this instant holding Judith somewhere until this colossal deal could be put over. Trevor or one of his gang—and Lee's face went whiter, his hands shut tighter into hard fists, as there came to his mind the picture of Quinlin's twisted face and evil, red-rimmed eyes.

"Well?" snapped Carson. "What now?"

"There's going to be no sale in the morning," said Lee and at the new strange tone in Lee's voice Carson jerked up his head, thrusting it forward, peering at the other through the moonlit night.

"Say it again," muttered Carson. "Who said so? Miss Judith?"

"She isn't here," replied Lee briefly.

"Hasn't been her since Saturday night."

Now, with more cause than ever, did Carson stare at him.

"Then what did Pollock Hampton say sell for? By gosh, if this is one of that young hop-o'-my-thumb's jokes, I'm going up to the house an' murder him. That's all. Am right now."

Lee laid a hand on Carson's arm.

"Hold on, old-timer," he said shortly. "We'll have a talk with him after a while. Now I want to talk with you."

Contenting himself with the coldest of brief outlines, Bud Lee told Carson of Judith's absence and of his own suspicions. Carson, who had listened to him gravely, at the end shook his head.

"That's a pretty bald play, Bud," he said slowly. "I don't believe Trevor would get that coarse in his work. It doesn't look like him a little bit."

But Judith had gone Saturday night, and Mrs. Simpson had done her work thoroughly. It might be well

bit like Judith?" demanded Lee sharply. "Is it her style to go over our heads this way, Carson? If she's got to sell heavily, why pick out this particular set of buyers? Why is the deal rushed through while she's away? Tell you there's a bigger in the woodpile and it's up to you and me to smoke him out. Come up to the house with me."

Marsha did not see them as they drew near in the moonlight. For, with a plan shaping in his brain, Lee judged best that they should not be seen. He and Carson pussed in wide arc about the left end of the courtyard, around the end of the house and so to a door opening from the office to the back of the house. This door he found unlocked and pushed quietly open.

Hampton lifted swift eyes, sensing something stern and ominous in this silent approach.

"We want to talk things over with you," began Lee.

"If you've come to bulldoze me out of that deal in the morning," retorted Hampton, "you might as well keep still. I'm going to sell."

"I don't know that you'd exactly call it bulldozing," smiled Lee, determined to be pleasant with the young fellow as long as possible. "But you've got sense enough to listen to reason, Hampton."

"Leave it!" snarled Pollock. "Thanks."

"If Miss Sanford wants the deal to go through," continued Lee, "why, then, of course, through it goes. If she doesn't, there's going to be no sale."

"I tell you she wired me to sell; I showed you the telegram—"

"But you didn't prove to me that she sent it. You didn't know yourself whether it had been sent by her or Doan, Rockwell & Height or by Bayne Trevor or the devil himself."

He took up the telephone and said into it, "Western Union, Rocky Bend. That you, Benton? This is Lee" of the Blue Lake. We went to every hotel there, will you? And rush it: 'Must have word with you immediately. Important. Telephone.' Got it? Oh, sign it, Carson and—"

"Wait a minute," interjected Pollock. "If Miss Sanford wants the deal to go through, then we'll have to wait for her."

"How's your hand?" he asked when Tripp answered.

"All right," replied Tripp. "Why?"

"Get it, hurt?"

"No."

"Did you write Miss Sanford a hurry-up note within the last few days?"

"No."

"Sure of that, Doc? Typewritten note?"

"Of course," answered Lee shortly. "And Miss Langworthy is still on the veranda. Now Hampton, Carson and I want a look at Miss Sanford's room. Come with us, will you?"

"I'm d—d if I will!" cried the boy hotly. "I don't know what you are up to, but I'm boss here and I'm giving orders, not taking them. If there's any reason in all this, I've got the right to know what it is."

"Yes," answered Lee thoughtfully. "You've got the right. I just don't like the looks of affairs, Hampton. I don't believe all that I hear. I don't believe Miss Sanford sent that wire. I don't believe she is in San Francisco. I do believe that your friend Trevor has got hold of her somehow, and that he is playing you for a sucker. That's our reason in this. Now will you come with us to her room?"

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

Continued from Page 2



Bud Lee Was on Him, Throwing Him Back.

to the door. "You bet I can see! If you and Carson think that you can run me..."

Then, for good and all, Lee gave over trying to reason with Hampton. There was too much to be done to waste time. He drew Hampton back, forcing him against the wall. As he tried to call out, Lee's hand over his mouth smothered his words.

"You're coming with me," he said sharply. "Right now."

Though he struggled, Hampton was little more than a baby in the horse foreman's muscular grip. Tripp, with a heel behind his ear, he fell heavily. Lee upon him. Both arms were pinned behind him, and Lee's peckerchief thrust into his mouth. He writhed in impotent rage. His outcries died in his throat, the loudest of them not reaching Marcia's ears above the creaking of her rocking chair. Lee still held Hampton's tied hands gripped in his own. So the two men went out the back door, down toward the corrals.

Seizing men hurrying from the bunkhouse to the stables under Carson's mapping orders, Lee called out for Tommy Burkitt. And in a moment, with bulging eyes, Burkitt came running.

"Bring out three horses, Tommy," Lee commanded, giving no explanation. "Hurry, and keep your mouth shut!"

Burkitt obeyed Lee as he always did, silently and unquestioningly. Very soon he returned, riding, leading two paddled horses.

"Get into the saddle, Hampton," said Lee sternly. "There's no time for nonsense. Get up or I'll put you up."

"Curse you," Hampton said in smothered anger, his tone making clear the meaning of the indistinct mutter. But he climbed into the saddle.

"Come on, Tommy." Lee, too, was up; his hand on Hampton's reins. "We're going up to the old cabin. You're going to ride hard on Hampton while I do something else. I'll tell you everything when we get there.

So they rode into the night, headed toward the narrow passes of the Upper End. Hampton and Lee side by side, Tommy Burkitt staring after them as he followed. No longer were Bud Lee's thoughts with his captive, nor with the herd Carson's men were driving back to the higher pastures. They were entirely for Judith, and they were filled with fear. She had been gone for three full days; she was somewhere in the clutch of Trevors or of one of his cutthroats. He thought of her, of Quinton's red-rimmed, evil eyes, and as he had not prayed in all the years of his life Bud Lee prayed that night.

He left Hampton secretly bound and under Tommy Burkitt's watchful eyes in the old cabin, and rode straight back to the ranch-house. Marcia was not yet in bed and he made his first call upon her. Marcia was delighted, then vaguely perturbed as he made known his errand without giving any reason. He wanted to see the note from Judith. Marcia brought it, wondering. He carried it with him to Judith's office and compared it carefully with scraps of her handwriting which he found there. The result of his study was what he had expected: the writing of the note to Marcia was sufficiently like Judith's to pass muster to an uncritical eye, looking, in fact, what it purported to be, a very hasty scrawl. But Lee decided that Judith had not written it. He slipped it into his pocket.

Tripp was waiting for him, impatient and worried, when he came back from the Upper End. From Tripp he learned that one of the men, a fellow the boys called Yellow-jacket, had unexpectedly asked for his time Saturday afternoon and had left the ranch, saying that he was sick.

"He's the chap who brought the fake note from you," said Lee. "It's open and shut, Doc. Another one of Trevor's men that we ought to have fired long ago. The one thing I can't get is why he didn't do a finished job of it and hang around until Miss San-

ford left, then get away with the note. It would have left no evidence behind him."

"She must have locked her door and windows when she went out," was Tripp's solution. "And probably he didn't hang around wasting time and taking chances."

"Tripp's boyish face had lost its youthful look. His eyes, meeting Lee's steadily, lied in them an expression like Lee's.

"If it's Quinton—" Tripp began. Then he stopped abruptly.

Lee and Tripp were together in the office not above fifteen minutes. Then Tripp left to return to the Lower End, to get the rest of the men out, to help in the big drive of cattle and horses which must be returned to the shut-in valleys of the Upper End.

Lee went to the bunk-house, slipped revolver and cartridges into his pocket, took a rifle and rode again to the old cabin.

"It's Trevor's big, last play?" he told himself gravely, over and over. "He'll be bucking it up strong, playing his hand for all that there's in it, and he'll have taken time and care to fill in his hand so that we're bucking a royal flush. And there's only one way to beat a royal flush, and that's with a gun." But I can't quite see the whole play, Trevor; I can't quite see it."

There were enough men to do the night's work without him and Tommy Burkitt, and Lee gave no thought now to Carson, swearing in the darkness of some shadow-filled gorge. He did not know what the morrow's work would be for him, but he made his preparations none the less, eager for the coming dawn. He feasted many slices of bacon while Hampton glared at him and Tommy watched him interestedly; he made a light, compact lunch, such as best "sticks to a man's ribs," wrapped it in heavy paper and slipped the package into the bosom of his shirt. He completed his equipment with a fresh bag of tobacco and many matches. He loaded his rifle, added a plentiful supply of ammunition to his outfit from the box on the shelf. Then he went outside to be alone, to frown at the black wall of the night, to think, to await the dawn.

"I'm coming to you, Judith girl," he whispered over and over to himself. "Somehow."

Dawn trembled over the mountain-tops, grew pale rose and warm pink and glorious red in the eastern sky, and Bud Lee, throwing down his coiled rope which had been put into service a dozen times during the night, said shortly:

"Here we camp, boys. I'll leave you my fried bacon, Tommy, and take the raw with me. You're not even to light a fire. And you're to stick here until I come for you."

They had traveled deeper and deeper into the fastnesses of the mountains, mounting higher and higher until now, in a nest of crags and cliffs, on a flank of Devil's mountain, they could look far to the westward and catch brief glimpses of the river from Blue Lake slipping out of the shadows. They had gone a way which Lee knew intimately, traveling a trail which brought them again and again under broken cliffs, where they must use hands and feet cautiously, and now and then make service of a loop of rope cast up over an outjutting crag.

"They'll never follow us here, Tommy," he said confidently. "If they do, you've got the drop on them and you've got a rifle. You know what to do, Tommy, old man."

"I know, Bud," said Tommy, his eyes shining. For never before had Bud Lee called him that—"old man."

Long ago the gag had been removed from Hampton's mouth. Long ago, consequently, Hampton had said his say, had made his promises. When he got out of this—glory to be! wouldn't he square the deal, though? Did Lee know what kidnapping was?

That there were such things as laws, such places as prisons?

"Here," said Lee not unkindly, "I'll loosen the rope about your wrists. That's all the chances we're going to take with you. Come, be a sport, my boy. You're the right sort inside just as soon as this crag is over, when you know that we were right and that all this is a put-up job on you, your friend Trevors playing you for a sucker and getting Miss Sanford out of the way, you'll say we were right and I know it."

"That so?" snapped Hampton. "You just start now and keep going, Bud Lee. If you don't want to do time in the jug."

Tommy Burkitt, staring back across the broken ridges of mountain, canyon, and forest, his eyes frowning, was muttering:

"Look at that, Bud. What do you make of it?"

For a little Lee did not answer. He and Tommy and Hampton, standing among the rocks, turned their eyes together toward the hills, rimming in the northern side of Blue Lake ranch.

"I make out," said Lee slowly, "that Trevors means business and that Carson has got his work cut out for him this morning, Tommy."

For the thing which had caught the boy's eyes was a blaze on the ridge, its flames leaping and licking at the thinning darkness. It smoke a black smudge on the horizon, staining the glow of the dawn. And farther along the same ridge was a second blaze, smaller with distance, but growing as it licked at the dry brush. Still farther on.

"If that fire ever gets a good start," muttered Lee heavily, "it's going to sweep the ranch. God knows where it will stop. And just how Carson is going to fight fire with one hand and hold his stock with the other, I don't

know."

But even then he turned his eyes away from the ranch, sweeping the rugged jumble of mountains about him. Judith was gone. Judith needed him and he did not dare try to estimate the soreness of her need. What did it matter that Carson and Tripp and the rest had their problems to face back there? There was only one thing in all of the wide world that mattered. And he did not even know where she was, north, south, east, or west! Somewhere in these mountains, no doubt. But where, when a man might ride a hundred miles this way or that and have no sign if he passed within calling distance of her?

In his heart Bud Lee prayed, as he had prayed last night, asking God that he might come to Judith. And it seemed to him, standing close to God on the rocky heights, that his prayer had been heard and answered. For, far off to the east, still farther in the solitude of the mountains, rising from a rugged peak, a thin line of smoke rose into the pale sky.

It might be that Judith was there. It might be that she was scores of miles from the beckoning smoke. But Lee had asked a sign and there, like a slender finger pointing to the brightening sky, was a sign.

He stooped swiftly for rifle and rope and packet of bacon.

"Where you goin', Bud?" asked Tommy.

"To Judith," answered Bud Lee gently.

For in his heart was that faith which is born of love.

(To be continued)

CORDOVA POSSIBLE ALASKA NAVAL BASE

City Has Another "Scapa Flow" at Its Door

Washington.—Since the United States army airmen flew to Asia along the Aleutian Island chain and emphasized what navigators have known all along—that the shortest way across the Pacific is by the "Great Circle route" near Alaska—there has been a growing recognition of the need of a naval base in Alaskan waters. Cordova, most recently mentioned as a possible selection, is described in a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic Society as "a sort of American Kirkwall, since it has Alaska's Scapa Flow at its door."

"Cordova is on Cordova bay, a deep, commodious, well-protected harbor itself," says the bulletin. "But that is only the beginning of harbor facilities. Just around an island corner is Orcas bay, also an excellent haven; and Orcas is a vestibule to Prince William sound, Alaska's Scapa Flow."

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(To be continued)

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been

in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of

on the wrapper all these years

just to protect the coming

generations. Do not be deceived.

All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but

Experiments that trifl with and endanger the health of

Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulence, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising from the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Char. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

slan designations by the Muscovite owners of the region, the features named by the Spanish discoverers were blithely renamed by Cook, who came later on the scene, and by Vancouver.

Prince William sound was originally Chugach gulf, the Copper river was Rio de los Perdidos (River of the Lost or Damned), and Resurrection bay, to the west, was Voskresevsky bay.

"The Prince William sound region,

in the same latitude as that of southern Norway, has a fairly mild climate.

The harbors of Cordova and Valdez are open all winter; the average winter weather, in fact, is no more severe

than that of Washington, D. C. The shores of the sound are heavily wooded.

Altogether this great sound covers an extent of more than twenty-five

hundred square miles."

Laundry Driver Returns \$955 and Gets Thanks

New York.—When Mike Monfredi,

20 Morris park West, a laundry driver,

sorted his collections the other day he

felt something hard and bulky in the

Established 1769

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

John LaFollette

131

Book Depository

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Saturday, October 11, 1924

Wheat is now selling at above a dollar and a half a bushel, and the Western farmer is correspondingly happy. The higher the price, the less votes for calamity howlers of the LaFollette stamp.

The city of Manchester has \$80,000 due in back poll taxes and the Mayor is trying to devise ways to collect. If he was in Newport the mayor would have a life job on his hands, and a few thousand years added to that.

Mayor Gainer, who was defeated in the Democratic convention for the senatorial nomination, has yielded to the solicitations of many citizens, and has decided to again be a candidate for Mayor of Providence. He has been the Mayor of that city for some twelve years and has made a very popular Mayor.

Henry Ford seems to be going into poultry among his other employments. He is starting right. He bought a few days ago a lot of high grade Rhode Island Reds, and is going to stock them at his lately purchased Wayside Inn, in South Sudbury, Mass. Evidently Ford knows a good hen when he sees one.

"LaFollette tells what he will do when 'elected President' is a glaring headline in a daily paper. It would be of more interest for him to tell when he is not elected President, for the other alternative never will come. The people of this nation are not so bereft of eternal fitness of things as to elect such a man to govern them.

There are but ten women running for Congress this fall throughout the Union and only one of that number is expected to be elected. A Democrat woman is running in a hopelessly Republican district, and a Republican woman is leading a forlorn hope in a Democratic stronghold. Not to give the sisters a fair chance at office holding would seem to be rather ungallant on the part of the male voters. Pennsylvania is to have an Arbor Day all her own. Gov. Pinhot, has designated Friday, October 24, as that day. He expects the day to be observed throughout the state by planting trees, observing and studying the birds, and by other activities as "make for understanding and appreciation of birds, trees, and forests." This would seem to be a proper kind of a holiday to be observed at this season of the year.

Comparisons, they say, are odious, but it is sometimes interesting to make comparisons, nevertheless. Here are some. The eleven Southern states that voted for the Democratic candidate for President four years ago cast in round figures three million votes, and had 127 votes in the electoral college. New York cast practically the same number of votes as the eleven Southern states and had but 45 electoral votes. Leaving out Kentucky, which probably had the most honest election of any of the Southern states, and the remaining ten cast just 2,097,637 votes, while New York alone cast 2,843,672 votes. The six New England states, with 44 electoral votes, cast within a few thousand of as many votes as the entire South, with its 127 votes. This can hardly be called equality, and moreover shows what President Coolidge is up against this year.

The number of people in Rhode Island entitled to vote this year is 246,079. This is according to the lists of the whole state just published. This will be changed somewhat before election. Four years ago the number was 199,956, and two years ago it was 202,264. The male voters this year number 137,493, and the women 108,586. Newport this year has 13,008 names on the list as recently printed at the Mercury office, a gain of 2,229 over four years ago. Jamestown has 396 men voters and 377 women, total 773, a gain of 82 over four years ago; Little Compton 312 men, 150 women, total 462, gain 61; Middletown 389 men, 326 women, total 715, gain 86; New Shoreham 430 men, 320 women, total 750, gain 60; Portsmouth 565 men, 296 women, total 861, gain 96; Tiverton 935 men, 599 women, total 1,534, gain 519. Tiverton shows the largest proportional gain of any town in the county.

COOLIDGE STILL FAR IN THE LEAD

Of the fifteen million Presidential ballots sent out by the Literary Digest 1,451,691 have been returned to date. Of this number Coolidge receives 808,340 votes, Davis 275,074, LaFollette 351,178. The rest are scattering. Of the 42 states heard from Coolidge has a majority in 31, Davis in 10, and LaFollette in 1, Wisconsin. The thirty-one states that give a majority for Coolidge cast 371 electoral votes. It requires 266 to elect. In 1920 the same persons cast 828,031 votes for the Republican ticket, 321,581 for the Democratic ticket and 283,444 did not vote. It looks as though the vote this year would far exceed that of 1920. All the Southern states reporting give a majority for Davis with the exception of Kentucky, which gives Coolidge a small majority. As was to be expected, LaFollette has a small majority over both the other candidates in Wisconsin.

The Literary Digest's poll of votes in 1920, proved to be surprisingly accurate, and it is expected that the figures for 1921 will give an equally accurate forecast of the result on November 4, this year. The only states where this year's figures show much falling off for the Republican ticket over 1920 are California and Wisconsin.

In this poll Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Maine have not been reported. The big states of New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois give a much larger Coolidge vote than the same voters cast for Harding in 1920. In New York Coolidge has a majority in the returns, thus far, of 32,939 over both the other candidates in Pennsylvania 47,539, in Illinois 36910, in Ohio 28,081.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR

Hon. Aram J. Pothier of Woonsocket, the Republican candidate for Governor of Rhode Island, was born in the Province of Quebec, in 1854. He came to this country at an early age and has spent most of his life in Woonsocket. He was educated at Nicolet College. In his younger days he held many offices in his adopted city. He was a member of the school board for a number of years, mayor of the city in 1894 and 1895. Representative in the General Assembly in 1887 and 1888, Commissioner from Rhode Island to the International Paris Exposition, Lieutenant Governor of the state in 1897, and Governor of the state for six years, from January 5, 1909. His occupation is that of banker and manufacturer. He is still active in business. He has filled every position to which he has been chosen with honor to himself and to the satisfaction of his fellow citizens. He is still as active as a man much younger in years.

BONUS APPLICATIONS COMING IN RAPIDLY

Bonus applications are coming in to the headquarters bureau at Washington at the rate of 10,000 a day. At the last statement some two hundred thousand had been passed upon, and it is estimated 2,000,000 applications will have been received and put in shape for the issuance of certificates by January 1, the date set in the bonus act. Cash payments of the \$50 maximum start March 1, 1925.

The compensation division with its personnel of 200, the army division with 2,000, navy with 200 and Marine Corps with 45, are functioning smoothly and there is little fear of any last minute rush causing delay or congestion.

A NEEDLESS AGITATION

The word "obey" in the marriage service of the Church of England is again the subject of comment and may raise a controversy when the national assembly of the church meets in November. The league of the church militant is determined that it shall be deleted and a canvass is being made among the women of England to enlist their aid.

This agitation seems to be needless. The word "obey" in the marriage service is entirely harmless, for it has long since ceased to cut any figure in the after life of the man or woman. In fact, in everyday life there is just as much, or just as little "obey" on one side as the other.

A former governor of Vermont predicts that five hours will soon be a full working day for the building craft. It is getting pretty near that point now by many branches in the building line. The cost of building a house today is more than double what it was twenty years ago.

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM

From the Providence Journal

"We favor," it says, "the submission to the people of an amendment to the Constitution abolishing the property qualification in cities so that all voters shall have the right to vote for members of the City Council." The amendment should be promptly submitted by the Legislature and adopted by the electors of the State.

"We advocate," the platform continues, "the creation of a bi-partisan commission to thoroughly study the question of changing the representation in the State Senate and to report its findings and recommendations to the next session of the General Assembly." This vital problem should be approached by all concerned with a determination to find a solution in accordance with the radically changed conditions of population in Rhode Island. The present apportionment is notoriously out of date and unfair.

The platform advocates the election of Sheriffs by the people of the several counties and their accountability to the people of those counties. The proposed change is in line with the long-time practice of the other New England States and should be put into effect at the earliest opportunity.

The plank favoring the strict enforcement of prohibition will be endorsed by good citizens of all parties. When one law is flouted, all laws are brought into disrespect. The platform also favors the observance and enforcement of the laws to prevent gambling—declaration that should be followed by earnest anti-gambling activity if the party is successful at the polls.

The denunciation of the Democratic Lieutenant Governor and Senator minority is wholly deserved.

The platform endorses the candidacy of Calvin Coolidge and Charles G. Dawes and takes proper pride in the reduction of the national debt and the lessening of the national taxes. It commends the Administration's conduct of foreign affairs and urges that Mr. Coolidge shall have a loyal Republican Congress to strengthen his hands. It is in the main a vigorous and timely, document and will strengthen the Republican cause in Rhode Island in consequence.

A DARING ACT

At Emporia, Kas., the other day, when a five-year-old girl wandered onto the track in front of a fast passenger train and was about to be run over, a motorist dashed up in a flivver, careened alongside the track at 30 miles an hour, reached over and plucked the child from under the very wheels of the locomotive, and swung alongside just as the train whizzed by. He did it by standing on the running board and steering with his right hand while he seized the child with his left.

BIG PARADE OF WOMEN

Providence is to see thousands of women pledging allegiance to the Constitution in a great parade on Oct. 25. They will represent every State women's organization in Rhode Island, and their march will be their form of appeal for law enforcement.

The parade is planned as a visible expression; it is announced, of the attitude of 10,000 women in this State who have viewed with "shame and alarm" the situation in Rhode Island.

Senator Brookhart's demand for Gen. Dawes's resignation recalls the humorous request from Salem, Ore., some years ago that Salem, Mass., change her name, says the Boston Herald.

The Grand Lodge of Free Masons in this state has given five scholarships to Brown University for the benefit of needy students. These scholarships are \$300 and \$400 each.

Weekly Calendar OCTOBER 1924**STANDARD TIME**

	SUN	SAT	MOON	HIGH WATER	MORN	EVE
11 Sat	5 53	5 11	4 22	6 10	5 32	
12 Sun	5 53	5 29	4 16	6 33	5 11	
13 Mon	5 53	5 27	5 3	7 25	7 56	
14 Tues	5 26	5 16	6 29	5 15	5 26	
15 Wed	5 27	5 21	7 62	8 85	9 13	
16 Thurs	6 03	5 10	5 11	7 1	7 42	
17 Fri	6 03	5 10	5 11	7 20	7 42	

First quarter, 5th inst morning
Full moon, 12th, 5:22 evening
Last quarter, 20th, 5:55 evening
New moon, 28th, 1:56 morning

Deaths.

In this city, 4th inst. Julia A. P., widow of Josiah C. Gifford, in her 87th year.

In this city, 6th inst. Katherine Agnes, wife of Anthony Penna and daughter of Rose M. and the late George T. Buchanan.

In this city, 7th inst. Mary A. wife of Thomas F. Martin.

In this city, 7th inst. Catherine, widow of John T. Martin.

In Jamestown, 4th inst. Rebecca, widow of Job S. Ellis, in her 91st year.

In New Bedford, Mass., Oct. 23, 1924. Harry S. Stults, aged 52 years.

At Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., 7th inst. Clarence H. Grubbe, of 244 Clark street.

In Little Compton, 6th inst. George T. Howard in his 6th year.

THE CHIEF CAUSE

OF HARD TIMES

There is an old nursery chant beginning "For want of a nail the shoe was lost" and proceeding through more important details to "For loss of the battle the kingdom was lost, and all for the want of a horseshoe nail."

Reading the business news calls to mind a strong analogy between that situation and the creation of a great business depression with all that the period of "bad times" means to homes and bank accounts.

"Bad Times" or "Good Times" do not grow of themselves. They do not drop from the skies. They are created by individuals.

The fearsome soul who hears a rumor that maybe, perhaps, business might not be so good next year, and therefore delays paying a five-dollar account until he has ten dollars back of it in his pocketbook is the real cause of bad times. He holds up his own five dollars, and he tells his fears to his neighbor who is thereupon inspired to hold up the payment of his bill of five and a quarter until he has fifteen dollars behind it. Pretty soon everybody in town, state and country is hanging on for dear life to his little bank balance, and of course nobody gets his reserve built up to the point he has set, because nobody else is paying his little bills.

It doesn't take any longer to put the country in a state of tight money than it does to lay it low with flu or any other epidemic. If the first five people feeling sick would have the courage and good sense to go to bed, call the doctor and obey him for three days, there would be no flu epidemics.

Likewise, if the first five people who owe small bills and have barely enough to pay them at once, by night their five-dollar bills would have paid a dozen accounts apiece, money would be moving everywhere and good times would be on the way.

Times are what people think they are. Courage is the fundamental virtue.

WEATHER FORECASTS**VALUABLE**

The United States Weather Bureau is always careful to explain to inquirers that it is not yet possible to make accurate long-range weather forecasts. When an almanac's prophecy and the current weather harmonize—and they sometimes do—it is because of lucky guessing and coincidence rather than scientific knowledge.

On the other hand, according to the chief of the Weather Bureau, "No scientist has demonstrated, or can demonstrate, I believe, that the making of weather predictions of a general character for a considerable period of time in advance transcends any basic laws of nature or is inherently impossible. That which is not impossible must be possible, and let this be the justification of those who seek to advance the science and art of meteorology in this difficult field."

Quite apart from one's occasional feeling that some weather is so disagreeable that it is a blessing not to know about it beforehand. It is obvious that long-range forecasting will bring many benefits. There is a demand for this sort of weather prophecy now which indicates by its increasing volume how much the public would really like to know what sort of weather it may expect in a given month or season somewhere ahead on the calendar.

It seems that they have not yet gotten over fighting over the slavery question in some parts of the South. They now claim that the 14th amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which freed the slaves, was never adopted. A suit is brought by New Orleans parties to test its legality. The ground taken is that the amendment was never proposed by two-thirds of each house of Congress, nor ratified by two-thirds of the States. If this contention should prove correct, then they claim that every colored person in the land would prove ineligible to hold office.

There are certainly many instances in which reckless driving is not the fault of the driver of the car alone and we venture to say that with the ruling made by this Magistrate fewer reckless drivers will be brought before him in the future.

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, a protest was received from the property owners on Conanicus avenue against the erection of a distributing pole on that street, permission for which had been granted by the board last week. Mr. Harry Scoville said that the property owners are endeavoring to keep their street free from poles, and had given permission for the erection of necessary poles in their back yards. The matter was referred to Alderman Kirby, who will interview the Company to see if the use of the pole can be avoided.

Judge Hahn in the Superior Court, on Monday, dismissed the charges against Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee Pelkey, Toomey and Murray, in the famous Bomb Case in the State House some months ago. Thomas Lally, the principal witness of the prosecution, failed to appear, and without him the prosecution stated that they had not much to put before the jury.

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BLOCK ISLAND**Installation**

The annual election and installation of officers of Atlantic

ACROSS THE ABYSS OF TIME AND SPACE

By MIRIAM JAMES

(C. 1924, Western Newspaper Union)

"ROTHERS," the warden had said, "your boy's sick—pretty bad, I reckon. There's a chance, though, so keep your spirits up, and I'll let you know as soon as I get further word."

And Jim Crothers, good-conduct man, with a year more of a five-year term to serve, heard these words echoing again and again in his heart as he piled his pick upon the hard road.

His wife had been true to him all through the four years that he had served. Influential friends had promised him a new start in life when he came out. Crothers had been a model prisoner and, in conformity with the humane system of the state, was on parole. In everyday working clothes, without a guard to supervise him, he labored, with the few others in his class, breaking up the old asphalt track that ran between the prison and the nearest town. The men worked well apart from each other, and Crothers was hidden from his nearest neighbor, two hundred yards away, by a dip in the land.

His boy—Johnny! He had not seen him since his wife brought him, an infant in arms, to the court detention room. To bid him good-by. His first question was always for Johnny. And the lad lay sick of typhoid fever. The crisis had come. He must see him before he died.

It was more than a hundred miles to Renfrew, but, by juggling a freight train, Crothers could get there by midnight. And by the following afternoon he could be back at the prison. To break parole was regarded as an unspeakable offense; only two men had done so, and they had had to bear the scorn of their companions ever since. But then, neither of these had had a little dying son whom he had not seen in four years.

Crothers raised himself and looked across the hot plains toward the station. In his clothes he would attract no attention. It would be easy to board the afternoon train that carried freight into Renfrew. At the worst, Crothers knew he could persuade the conductor to let him remain. He had a persuasive eloquence, and the thought of his son's illness drove him into a frenzy of fear.

Crothers looked cautiously about him. The man nearest him was out of sight. Ahead of him lay a stretch of brush—once beyond that he could make the station unperceived. And the alarm would not be sounded for a couple of hours. By that time he would be well on his way. He would drop off at the yards and make his way home.

No sooner planned than done. He crept cautiously, almost double, down the declivity, and, glancing backward to make sure that he was still unperceived, sprinted for the trees. Once he had gained these he walked in a leisurely manner. For the first time he began to enjoy the sense of freedom. Nobody molested him or seemed to notice him. He passed the station, waited until the slow freight lumbered along, and swung himself aboard, seating himself on one of the couplers.

The ride was hard and his seat insecure, but he did not think of that. Once the conductor came along and turned his face in his direction. Crothers framed an appeal; but, to his amazement, the man passed on, apparently without having seen him.

So Crothers made Renfrew. He dropped off at the yards as he had planned, and made his way toward the little house where his boy lay sick. It was a poor enough cottage; but Johnny and Mary lived there, and that fact made it home, just as though it were a castle. Quietly Crothers unfastened the front door and made his way up the stairs. At the head of the flight he paused uncertainly, for there was a certain strangeness in the situation in which he found himself; but a child's fitful cry came to his ears, and, turning aside, he made his way toward the door of the room in which the boy was lying.

He stood still at the door. Mary was seated on a low chair beside the bed, on which lay Johnny, flushed with fever. As Crothers entered she looked round, but her gaze seemed to pass through him and she bent her head again over the boy on the bed.

"Mary!" whispered Crothers, approaching her swiftly. "I heard he was ill. I came to see him. I have never seen him, you know, since he was so small. Is there no chance for him?"

She did not reply, but bent over the boy, stroking his feverish forehead with her soft hand. Crothers fell upon his knees beside her and watched the child's face. It was evident that the crisis was at hand.

How long he kneeled there he did not know, but suddenly Johnny opened his eyes and they fell upon the man.

"Fever!" he cried, stretching out his hands.

"Hush, dear," said Mary.

Crothers took one of the little hands in his and it closed round his. The boy lay there, dozing. Presently beads of sweat sprang out on his forehead.

A man was coming up the stairs. Crothers sprang round in terror, thinking it was the warden or his representative. But it was the doctor. He approached the bedside, turned and took Mary by both hands.

"He will live, Mrs. Crothers," he said gently.

"O, thank God, doctor!" exclaimed the mother, and burst into silent tears of happiness.

The doctor did not stay long after he had given his directions. He did not notice Crothers either. And Crothers, wondering, suddenly understood. Neither the doctor nor Mary wished officially to take cognizance of his presence there. They knew what had brought him; they knew he must have broken his parole, and neither by word nor sign would they admit that they were aware of him. It was that rare, instinctive kindness which Crothers had always seemed to meet since his misfortune.

"I understand, Mary," he said, kissing her gently upon the cheek. "God bless you. And the boy, too. I shall be out next year, and I shall begin to make a home for both of you." And he went out of the room.

He was lucky again in the matter of the return train; and again he escaped detection. It was early morning when the freight pulled into Renfrew station. All night Crothers had crouched in the car, providentially open to him, listening to the clacking of the wheels, and feeling neither hunger nor weariness. All his emotions were summed up in joy. Johnny would live. And he felt that instinctively, and would have known it even if the doctor had not told him.

For this how cheerfully he was prepared to forfeit his good-conduct privileges, to bear the jeers and scorn of his fellow prisoners and the hurt reproaches of the warden, Clancy.

Slowly he made his way back to the place where he had worked on the road the preceding day. He saw his pick lying on the ground and, because he did not know what else to do, he took it in his hands and began working until he saw Clancy coming along the road.

The warden came and stood beside him and Crothers looked him in the face bravely.

"I am ready for my punishment, warden," he said. "I shouldn't have broken my parole, but what you told me about my boy kind of made me forget that I was under bonds of honor, I."

"What's wrong with you, Crothers?" inquired the warden kindly. "Touch of sun? Or sort of upset about what I told you?"

Crothers stared incredulously at the warden. Did he, then, mean to overlook the breach of faith, like those others? It was impossible that he could be so kind.

"It's good of you, Mr. Clancy," he said, catching the old man's hand and wringing it, "but I want to take my medicine. I didn't act right to you—but well, if ever you had a little boy dying far away you'd understand."

Clancy laid a big hand on Crothers' shoulder.

"My boy," he said, "how long do you suppose it is since I gave you that news?"

"How long? About twenty-four hours, isn't it?" said Crothers.

The warden looked pityingly at him. "Twenty-four minutes, Crothers," he answered. "You must have been daydreaming. Well, here's a letter for you. Came five minutes ago, and I had to open it, by the rules, but I thought I'd bring it along. Read it."

Crothers read incredulously then amazedly. Then he looked up at Clancy.

"It says he's getting better, Mr. Clancy," he cried. "And it says—"

"Just at the crisis of the fever he opened his eyes and called his father. He thought he saw you by him, dear. And he began to mend from that moment. I know that you were there in spirit."

"Well, Crothers, it's about supper time," said the warden. "I guess you can bring back your pick."

And Crothers, standing dumb, with swimming eyes, understood that he had reached out to him across the abyss of time and space.

Pilot Fish Travels Without Paying Fare

There is a fish which has solved the problem of traveling long distances without the exertion of swimming—this is a pilot fish. It is strange looking, elongated and striped. The top of the head is a powerful flat ribbed sucker with which it attaches itself to large fish, preferably sharks.

In tropical waters there are large crabs that annex empty mollusc shells; they are truly hideous, with long, hairy legs and claws. When they outrun their own homes, the Detroit News states, they crawl along the sea bed and when they encounter an unsuspecting conch projecting from its shell in the act of feeding it is swiftly seized, killed and slowly devoured, the process of consumption taking two or three days. The crab afterward changes its residence from its uncomfortably small home to the larger shell.

Business Man's Ideal

To have endured early hardships with fortitude, and overcome difficulties by perseverance; to have founded or developed a large business, useful in itself, and given employment to many; to have achieved fortune, independence, position and influence; to have established character above reproach, to have accumulated the esteem, the confidence and the friendship of his fellows; to have given largely of money to charity, and of time to citizenship; and to have gained all this of the world, without losing the soul by avarice, or by starving the heart into hardness—I say, he who has so lived nobly lived and he should find peace with honor when the shadows begin to lengthen and the evening of life draws on.

The five boats piled the barge canal successfully during 1921 and 1922, go-

MOTORS DISPLACE MULES ON CANAL

Ancient Craft Replaced by Self-Propelled Craft on New York Waterway.

New York.—When the New York state barge canal was completed for its full length in 1918 it was obvious that old methods of navigation would have to be replaced with something new, says the New York Times. The sloop-nosed, mule-hauled wooden canal boats that for almost a century had made up the argosy which brought the wealth of the inland to the seaboard and gave to New York its position of metropolis no longer would fill the bill, the story continues.

Along with the old canal boat went the old-time canaler, who for years had made his leisurely way across the state, leaning against the tiller, smoking his pipe and looking out for "low bridge." The two—the boat and the boatman—had served their time well; but now it became evident that both must pass into the discard. Neither the boat nor the boatman gave up easily. A lifetime of canaling was not lightly to be dropped. They struggled for existence; but the struggle was in vain. They could not adapt themselves to new conditions.

Accustomed to the narrow Erie canal, with its towpath and miles, the old canaler could not get used to the wide reaches of the barge canal, the deep locks, the broad stretches of Oneida lake, where he sometimes went almost out of sight of land. He missed the mules. Slack-water navigation began to take on the characteristics of the sea. Now, smart craft began to appear, manned with new, smart young fellows. Their talk had the tang of salt water. They spoke in "bells," "knots" and "fathoms." They knew not "low bridge." Tales of the sea began to get about on the decks. In short, the period of transition had begun.

It was evident that the wooden canal boat of the "roaring forties" could not survive. The only question was what sort of boat would take its place.

New Type of Freighter

Only in the last two years has this question been answered. Now, with large steel, self-propelled vessels, veritable motorships, capable of breasting the bolterous waters of the Great Lakes and the waves of the ocean, it becomes evident what sort of freighter will replace the traditional canal boat. The old-timers still frequent the canal, but grow fewer and fewer each year. They still make up towns that ply the Hudson and navigate the inland waterway to Buffalo and Montreal, but the barge canal is not the Erie canal, and the primitive boat is gradually dropping from sight.

The new freighter did not leap from the brain of the marine architect at a single bound. Rather, it has been a matter of evolution. You will bear in mind that, although the barge canal was completed for its full length in 1918, it was turned over to the War department in that year and continued to be operated by the Federal government during the war and in 1919 and 1920. There have been but three years in which commerce, unimpeded by subsidized traffic, could proceed to develop trade. Those years have seen surprising progress in boat building on this inland waterway.

In the development of the type of vessel best adapted to use on the barge canal the Standard Oil Company of New York has made a valuable contribution to commerce, according to naval architects. In common with other shippers, the Standard Oil Company of New York was alive to the possibilities of developing business by water, and as soon as the barge canal was finished in 1918 it put several towed barges on this canal. Five stages have marked the evolution that has gone on.

Old Traditions Persisted

Although the new barge canal offered wide possibilities, the mental habit of a century persisted. To boatmen and to boat builders a canal was a canal. To them a boat for use on a canal boats they knew but one sort—namely, the mule-hauled craft that came into use in the days of De Witt Clinton. That the Erie canal had gone into the discard and been filled in meant nothing to them. That, in place of the old Erie canal, the Mohawk river had been dammed in a series of lakes for big-bore navigation meant as little to navigators as it still means to the general public.

The first stage in the evolution of the new freighter, therefore, was a close copy of the original canal boat. It was a craft about 75 feet long and approximately 22 feet wide. It was towed by a tug. From four to six of these boats could enter a lock at once. The Standard Oil Company of New York experimented with these towed barges in 1918, 1919 and 1920.

Reaching the conclusion that the barge canal was a feasible method of transportation, the company in the winter of 1920 struck out boldly to develop a self-propelled vessel suitable to its needs. That winter it built five identical boats, namely, the Buffalo Socony, the Rochester, the Utica, the Albany and the Syracuse Socony. Each was about 150 feet long, 28 feet beam and had a loaded draft of about 8 feet. Each had a 300-horse power gasoline engine and pumping machinery, also driven by gas engines.

The five boats piled the barge canal successfully during 1921 and 1922, go-

ing not only to Buffalo but through Lake Champlain.

The Buffalo Socony type marks the second stage in the evolution. It demonstrated that the self-propelled craft is superior to the hauled barge in economy, in speed and in dispatch of deliveries.

Because these five boats were a success, the Standard Oil Company of New York considered the next step, namely, making larger boats. In the winter of 1922-23 the company's marine architects lengthened the five boats in the Buffalo fleet by inserting a 40-foot section amidships, making each of them 100 feet long. This added a carrying capacity of 112,000 more gallons to each boat. Experience in one season proved that it cost no more to operate the lengthened boat than it did when the craft had its original dimensions. This demonstrated the feasibility of using a still larger craft. The year of 1923, therefore, marks the third stage in the evolution of the barge canal freighter.

Largest Boat Launched in 1923.

The fourth stage began in June, 1923, when the company's largest boat yet was launched—the Troy Socony, 245 feet long, 37 feet 6 inches in the beam and 14 feet deep.

Meantime so great was the success of water transport that a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company of New York had been formed, called the Standard Transportation company. It was the latter company that prepared the design for the Troy Socony, which was built in the winter of 1922-23 by the Sun Shipbuilding company of Chester, Pa.

A year of operation had proved its efficiency, its owners assert. The boat has a carrying capacity of 571,848 gallons, beside its own fuel, amounting to 13,884 gallons.

The Troy Socony is a twin-screw Diesel-propelled ship. When her 14 tanks are filled, she draws 12 feet of water. In this vessel the modern motor ship is seen at a high state of perfection. The two Diesel engines develop about 900 horsepower each. These engines drive two bronze propellers, and the ship, fully loaded, can make about nine knots. There are two cargo pumps, each of which is able to discharge the entire cargo in six hours. The pumps are operated by a separate 40-horse power Diesel engine. There are electric generating sets for lighting service and for operating the electric steering gear and windlasses.

Can Operate at Sea.

While the Troy Socony was designed to navigate the barge canal, she was constructed with a view to use on Long Island sound in the winter. In passing, it may be said that the seaworthy qualities of vessels of this type are shown in the fact that one boat went down the Atlantic coast, through the Panama canal and up the Pacific coast, fighting a gale that wrecked larger vessels.

However, the last word has not been spoken in inland waterway navigation. The fifth stage in the evolution of the new vessel is now in process. It will result in the launching this season of eight additional vessels of the Troy Socony type, except that they will be larger.

Each of these vessels that are now building will be 260 feet long, 40 feet in the beam and 14 feet in depth of hold. They can carry 705,000 gallons apiece and will have 700-horse power in their propelling engines.

Each step in the evolution has seen greater departure from the canal boat style. In this final step the shipbuilder has broken with tradition almost entirely. He has produced a vessel not only with a sharp bow and a generally smart appearance, but has given to the eight new boats a sheer elevating the prow and stern higher than the middle of the boat. This makes a better looking and more seaworthy vessel. The Standard Transportation company is having five of the new boats built by the Sun Shipbuilding company at Chester, Pa., and three by the New York Shipbuilding corporation at Camden, N. J.

Large though these eight vessels are, they do not measure up to the capacity of the barge canal locks, which are 310 feet long and 44 feet wide. The eight newest vessels contain many refinements not found in the others. They have electrical apparatus for operating the main cargo pumps, also a quarter-ton refrigerating plant. This is the fifth—and for the present final—step in the evolution of the type of boats best adapted for barge canal navigation. Practically the entire distribution of Standard Oil products for New York state is carried on now by

the new vessels.

The Standard Oil Company of New York is not the only company that has large boats on the barge canal. There are two lines from Duluth with boats that successfully navigate the Great Lakes under their own power and bring cargoes from Minnesota to New York.

* * *

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SHORT SPAN OF LIFE WAS ARTEMUS WARD'S

America's First Humorist Called Home Early.

April 28 was the ninetieth anniversary of the birth of America's first humorist, Charles Farrar Browne. "A short life and a merry one" describes the earthly sojourn of this early columnist, born in Waterford, Me., in 1834. He lived but 33 years, but in this time convulsed America and England by the quips generated by a mind as quaintly put together as were those of Shakespeare's clowns.

Browne was a newspaper humorist and lecturer. It was while conducting a column on a Cleveland newspaper that he invented his "Ar

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HOW

LIFE MAY BE PROLONGED,
IS TOLD BY SCIENTIST.—

M. Jean Flot, a French writer, believes that all of us should, and could, be centenarians.

His book, "How to Prolong Life" (John Bale, Sons & Danielson), which gives a detailed recipe for attaining longevity, says that we die young by auto-suggestion, because we are afraid of death, London *Tit-Bits* observes.

"Enchanted by its terrifying sunniness, we fall into its toils like those birds that allow themselves to be drawn slowly and slowly nearer and nearer to the wild beasts that devour them."

Woman, however, has robbed old age of a score of years. "There can be no doubt," M. Flot says, "that when woman follows a trade or profession she resists more effectively the approach of old age."

The age of being in love and of being loved, that sentimental characteristic which most affects woman—and men also—has become strangely extended. The age of the woman capable of inspiring love is everywhere rising."

M. Flot cites a statement that in California there are 30 centenarians, and mentions Dr. Pierre Defournel, who lived 120 years. "Dr. Defournel saw his laboratory entirely destroyed by a crowd. In his hurried flight he dislocated his thigh. He set it himself. He was then aged 103."

The following year he married a girl of eighteen, and had seven children.

The death rate of retired officials or of people living on their incomes in idleness is altogether startling. The present generation is politely required to disappear as speedily as possible for the benefit of one that is to follow it. A man-eating savage, who openly devours his aged parents, appears to us preferable in this respect; at any rate, he is sincere in what he does."

How Dwellings May Be

Built to Defy Tornado

In Tokyo they find that buildings made of concrete with steel rods in the walls don't fall down in an earthquake; and on our prairies we believe similar farmhouses would defy tornadoes. It would be interesting to see such a house put to the test.

Rural architecture may be constructed with the idea that it is only possible to be in the route of a tornado once in a lifetime, and that one may take that small risk. But once in a lifetime is enough for an experience of that kind, and we should feel justified if we built a concrete house in 1924 that was to be hit by a tornado in 1956.

During all those years, if we lived in it, we should have a sense of security thus four lightning rods on the house never give.

The idea is to make the whole house a cyclone cellar. No terrified flight into the dugout to share a narrow, suffocating space with the milk crocks and a bullsnake or two, while the storm blows over. In the concrete house your windows might depart on the wings of the tempest, but you would almost certainly remain intact.

—St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*

How Beaver Uses Tail

The beaver's tail is not the useless object that some people think. The Youth's Companion tells about a beaver named Diver. "Diver," says this authority, "would sometimes thrust his tail under him and use it for a seat. Sometimes when standing up he used his tail for a rear brace to prop himself on his hind legs. In swimming he occasionally turned it on edge and used it for an oar; besides, it served in the water as a rudder whenever a rudder was needed. But out of the water, when he was walking about it appeared to drag behind him as if it were not a part of him. When he was stationary he usually tipped his tail on edge, doubled it round and rested it against his side. On one occasion he thrust it between his legs, scooped up a mass of mud and carried it up on a small fallen tree near by and then dumped it. One time he carried two small sticks by clasping them between his tail and his stomach."

The latest styles this year show

Furs to Be Rage for Winter Wear

Peltry More Important Than Ever Before, According to Fashion Writer.

It is going to be, in the language of the modistes, a "fur season." Perhaps the tradition that a "white" winter will follow "green" one, such as last winter, has stimulated interest in fur garments, says a fashion writer in the New York Times. In any event, furs are going to be all the rage, and the woman who wishes to secure the choicest things will wisely give the subject careful attention early.

A fur coat has come to be a more important article in the wardrobe of the well-dressed woman than before because the social order of things has materially changed. It used to be usual to have one fur coat—the piece de resistance—or to have at most one for daytime and another for evening wear.

The time-honored sealskin for general occasions and an ermine wrap for evening fully equipped the old-time woman of fashion as to fur garments. They were for warmth, principally, and were adequate for the days of carriages and a gentler scheme of living.

Motors and long flights, however, at a stiff pace have made demand for a variety of protecting wraps. More and more fur is used for utility, beauty and luxury. The lady of affluence these days desires to change her fur wrap almost as she changes her gown. It is quite a common experience for a saleswoman in one of the smart shops to sell four or five costly fur coats to a customer at one time. This season's furs are more attractive, more unusual than have ever been shown, with many novelties in both the expensive and the inexpensive kinds.

Cloth Materials Are Used.
Sealskin in all its varieties is still to be worn, but it is no longer smart as an entire garment. Some of the dressy coats and wraps sent from the Paris ateliers are made of satin, crepe and cloth with sealskin introduced as a part of the skirt, in sleeves, deep collar, or in any one of several attractive ways, making a wrap of exceptional dignity and elegance. Mink is another staple among the handwoven furs. It is especially good this season, and some of the new mink coats, wraps and capes are superlative as popular with young women as with the dowager.

Perhaps the "smartest" among the dark furs is caracal. In the natural color and light dyes this had a tremendous vogue last season, particularly in the chic little jacquette which will be worn again this year. It is shown in many lovely novelty styles for younger women, in the misses and junior models. Baby lamb, broadtail and caracal, especially the fine, silky, "baby" quality are all fashionable, with the preference for caracal.

For a slender figure nothing gives an appearance of such smartness as a coat of black caracal, cut in one of the new straight loose-fitting models—a wrap that becomes a woman of the well-groomed tailored type. Beaver is another old-timer that is being made a feature of this year's styles. It was always considered a clumsy fur, rather

even more of them; some most amusing and some having no claim to attention other than their novelty or their bizarre effect. The babies of the animal kingdom are the greatest favorites of the furrier. Baby leopard, which was so fashionable last year and has lately been seen in collars and cuffs and as trimming on some of the sports coats, is one of the most popular among the new models. In the finer grades it is shown for street wear and for motorcycling, and is very pretty in the short jackets suitable for young girls. As a trimming on the coats of rough material, and on many others baby leopard is exceedingly effective. Mountain sable is another new fur that is taking very well. It is a short, soft skin, a lovely shade of brown in this distinctly brown season. All the shades of brown seen in the furs emphasize the vogue begun last spring when that color became so fashionable. In gowns, millinery and most of all in footwear. A combination of brown and black is the very last word in smartness.

For Trimming Is Popular.
The fashionable coat that is not made of fur for this season is trimmed with fur, and the newest ideas in



Coat for Street Wear—Caracal, With a Collar of Black Fox.

these are most engaging. The foxes are very good, especially in the natural color and in the short-haired variety, dyed in some shade of brown. Nothing has quite displaced fox for trimming coats of heavy fabrics—the English material, rodier, and the tweeds. It is delicious to the touch, luscious and flattering, and is shown in large collars, cuffs and bands on some of the latest French models of coats and street gowns.

"Piziki" is an absolute novelty, the name of which gives no clue to its origin, but it resembles a light brown fox, the hair being rather short and fine. "Baby" skunk is another brown fur that some of the Paris houses are using on some of their best coats and for trimming coat frocks and tailleur. Krininer is another one of the old-time favorites that are seen on some of the new wraps; though it is less popular than some of the unique furs.

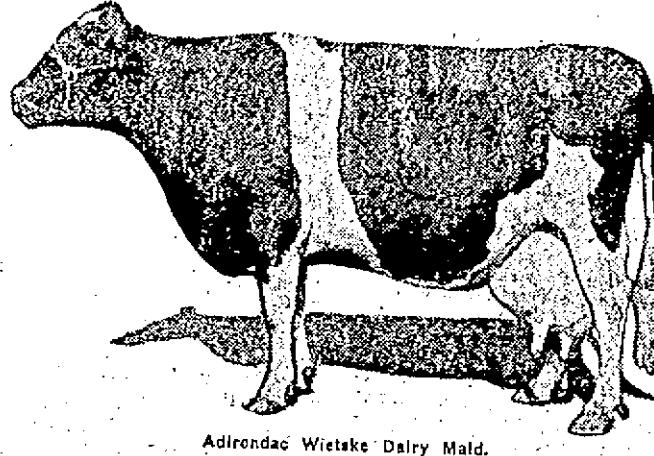
Familiar furs bearing unfamiliar names are shown in great variety. Fisher-fitch is one in which the beautiful creams and rich browns are blended in a subtle and most becoming manner. It makes the most adorable collars and bands for trimming the dresser type of wrap. An evening cape of ivory broadcloth of a quality like suede is charming, with a collar of fisher-fitch and ends of the fur applied to a scarf of chiffon attached to the neck.

"Palme," another variant of fine fox in a natural cream-brown shade, is a novelty fur much in demand for trimming the better class of coat or an elaborate wrap suitable for demitasse. Chipmunk, the brown coat of the little animal delicately striped with black, weasel, rabbit, squirrel in many varieties, natural and dyed, are some of the furs offered as entirely new—a large assortment from which to choose. Peach squirrel is one of the daintiest furs much used on handsome coats and on gowns for afternoon and street wear. It is a fine textured squirrel, dyed a pinkish tan, an absolutely new shade that is very successful and shown on some advance style models in wraps of cashmere, velvet and satin.

Three-Quarters Length.
The latest styles in fur coats are cut three-quarters length, very straight and tunic-like—a comfortable, loose fit, with sleeves straight and rather wide, or, in the lighter weight furs, quite full. Some of the handsomest models have collars; some both collar and deep cuffs of a contrasting fur, though some of the most stylish coats are all of the one kind of fur.

Now, as heretofore, ermine is the most popular fur for evening and is shown among the new styles in the most sumptuous wraps—garments fit for an empress and costing a king's ransom. Imitations of ermine have lost some of their popularity, some women preferring to use some other fur than white for evening wear. Baby lamb lined with white satin, mink lined with metal brocade, and the new "peach" squirrel lined with pink and silver tissue make some of the most attractive wraps for elaborate dress.

Record for Milk and Butterfat



Adirondack Wetske Dairy Maid.

By producing over 31,500 pounds milk and 1,000 pounds butterfat in one year for the fourth consecutive time, Adirondack Wetske Dairy Maid, an eleven-year-old pure bred Holstein-Friesian cow, is the only cow in the world to make such a record. Her latest record, just completed, is 81,517 pounds milk and 1,005.82 pounds butterfat—equal to 1,257.2 pounds butter, which, with the three made in previous years, gives this cow an average for the four successive yearly test periods of 32,840.0 pounds milk containing 1,018.18 pounds butterfat, equivalent to 1,310.1 pounds butter. "Adirondack" shown in the photograph, holds also the highest record for both milk and butterfat in the United States for ten months' production—27,577.3 pounds milk and 872.12 pounds butterfat, made at ten years of age.

Was Never Pampered.
This cow, like all other cows on nearly semi-official test in the Brid-

ford herd, was kept in a separate box stall, but had free access to a large paddock adjoining her stall. She was kept in a stall only during inclement weather. During the summer, from April to October, she was run on pasture several hours each day. She was never pampered in any way, but always was kept in dry, well-ventilated quarters. She was fed concentrates four times a day at each milking the year round made up of a mixture of milk rum, rolled barley, cracked corn, oil cake meal and soy bean meal. The total weight of concentrates consumed each day varied from 12 to 15 pounds. To this mixture was added dry beet pulp.

She received all the alfalfa hay she would clean up twice a day. During the summer months she was given green-cut alfalfa twice daily. This was replaced by corn silage during winter months from November to May.

Chilling Tomatoes Not Good Practice

May Result in Product Becoming Soft and Flabby.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Among dealers and handlers of produce the opinion is rather generally held that tomatoes which are fully developed but still green in color when once cooled to low temperatures, even though not frozen, will not ripen normally when held in the ripening rooms.

They consider that chilling them to temperatures which, while low, are not at or below their freezing point, may result in the stock becoming soft, flabby or wrinkled and shriveled and prevent their taking on the attractive red color. Inasmuch as definite information as to the effect on tomatoes of temperatures slightly higher than their freezing point is lacking, investigations were conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture.

The results of the investigations on the chilling of tomatoes are reported in Department Circular 315 just issued. From these studies it is concluded that within certain limits an exposure to low temperature is not injurious to fully developed tomatoes provided they are not frozen. It has been shown that exposure to low temperatures just above the freezing point is not harmful to globe tomatoes which were just beginning to change color, if this exposure is not extended beyond five days, and it has also been shown that tomatoes may be cooled below their freezing point for a short time without apparent injury if they do not freeze.

A copy of this circular may be had upon request, as long as the supply lasts, from the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington.

Encourage Dairy Cows to Eat to Full Capacity

Since sweet clover pasture furnishes

a constant supply of fine, green feed, the cow always has a good ration before her, night and day. She can get as much feed as she wants whenever she wants it, and this encourages her to keep filled up to her maximum capacity all the time. As it is the last feed that a cow eats and makes into milk, above that required to pay expenses, that yields the profit, the advantage of encouraging her to consume up to her limit is easily recognized.

Sweet clover pasture is good not only from the standpoint of high production, but also because it stimulates the cow in the natural way with good, fresh, green roughage to give a large yield of milk. It does not "burn out" the cow as does a heavy grain ration, but rather keeps her in the best physical tone because it is the kind of feed which she was designed by nature to handle over a long period of years, and tends to add to her length of life.

Bothersome Bot Flies

The bot fly lays its eggs on the shoulders, forelegs, or on the hairs between the jaws of the horse.

The nose bot, darker than others and with a reddish tail, is the worst of all, darting at the lips of a horse, and sometimes nearly driving him frantic. The common methods used to keep away these flies are to make a leather fringe by cutting a piece of thin leather into strips and fastening onto the bridle. Some use burlap, especially for the throat and forelegs. In serious cases carbon bisulphide is given the horse, but this should be done only by a veterinarian.

Smut Reduces Yield and Quality of Grain Crops

No doubt every farmer is acquainted with the common smut of oats, but it is doubtful if they think of this trouble as an active plant disease. As a matter of fact, smut is a serious trouble on oats, barley, and wheat. It is caused by a fungus which infects the plant and destroys the heads before they can mature.

One cannot be sure that seed are free of disease just because they look clean, or because they come from an apparently clean field. At threshing time the smut spores are liberated by the millions and these lodge on the individual grains and are carried back to the field where they infect the new crop.

The formaldehyde treatment will kill the smut spores and will not affect the germination of the seed. Make a solution of one pint of commercial formaldehyde (40 per cent formalin) in 40 gallons of water. Put the grain to be treated in bags, about one bushel to the bag, dip into the barrel of solution and allow to remain five to ten minutes. Move the bags up and down in the barrels so as to insure a thorough saturation of the seed. Then lift out the bags and allow all of the solution to drain off, and either pile together and cover with canvas, or pour the grain out on a clean floor and keep it covered for six to twelve hours. After this spread the grain out on a clean floor to dry. This treatment can also be used for smutting smut of wheat and for covered smut of barley.

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Honor for Pure Bred

A pure bred Holstein calf had the distinction of being the guest of honor at a picnic and basket dinner of the Chestnut Grove community in Daviess county, Ky. For many years the community had paid slight attention to improved live stock, but on becoming interested it is now one of the most active in the state for the betterment of its farm animals. The calf is the offspring of a pure bred sire and a pure bred dam, and is believed to be the first pure bred animal born in the community.

FARM NOTES

Keep weeds mowed from pastures.

Use extra precautions in caring for dairy products.

Clean up the garden promptly after harvesting crops to help control insects.

Plow early or double disk to kill weeds, save moisture, and combat the Russian fly.

Spray with nicotine sulphate or dust with nicotine dust all plants infested with plant lice.

Provide plenty of fresh water and shade for the hogs. Do not drive hogs in the heat of the day.

In making your provision for next winter's dairy supplies do not overlook the bedding. Provide an abundance.

Dairying will always occupy a prominent and strategic place in any successful plan for balancing agriculture.

Farming, to be really successful, must pay dividends in good homes, schools, roads, churches, and community life.

Why the Name Angora
Certain long-haired cats and goats are called Angora because they were originally supposed to have come from Angora, a province in Asia Minor. It is said that many of the cats, dogs, goats and other animals in this region have exceedingly long and fine hair. This is believed to be caused by some peculiarity of the climate or atmosphere, because these animals taken to other countries lose much of this distinctive characteristic. But the facts are disputed. Some authorities maintain that Angora cats and goats did not originally come from Angora, but from Persia and Arabia.

WHY

Periods of Playtime Must Be Set Aside

"A prominent physician," says the Ohio State Journal, "occasionally writes a novel prescription for a patient. His practice keeps him in touch with business and professional men. Many come with complaints of, headache, inability to sleep. His questions mainly are directed to the habits of life of the patient. He wants to know if they ever take exercise, take a day off, go to a picnic, get out and play, get out in the fresh air, and all that sort of information. Many times he finds the man has been working, has no outdoor recreation, is not taking exercise, just wearing and rusting out. Such men get the novel prescriptions."

"Most men, this wise physician says, have in the back of their heads a dream from boyhood days, a plan, some wonderful thing in which they are interested, to which they intend giving their attention when they make their fortune and can retire and do as they please. His experience is that, such plans are kept alive, such dreams never die. Many of these plans call for activity out of doors. When he diagnoses the case as nature's objections to lack of physical exercise and can get

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, September 26, 1874

The official orders of the commanding General of the First Brigade, Gen. Burdick, have been issued. All the shoulder straps of the state and pretty much of all Massachusetts will be here, and will form a most dazzling array. The headquarters will be at the Atlantic House, where dinner will be served for eight hundred and fifty persons. His honor Lieut. Governor Van-Zandt will act as toast master at the banquet. The Artillery Company is detailed to escort Gov. Howard. Some twenty military organizations will be present, representing nearly, if not quite all, the military force of the state. Gen. Burdick has looked out for everything, even the clerk of the weather has promised to favor the occasion with the best they have.

The Aquidneck Encampment of this city proposes to go to Taunton next week, to be gone two days. They will be accompanied by one of the Newport bands.

The Atlantic House will do good service on the occasion of Gen. Burdick's muster. After the muster the house is to be torn down.

The first Annual ball of the Ancient Order of Hibernians was given in the Academy of Music, Tuesday night. There was a goodly number present, and things passed off to the satisfaction of all.

The new steam road roller has arrived and is now being set up at the boiler shop of the Old Colony Steamboat Company under the direction of Supt. Mahoney.

The beautiful fall weather of the past week has made true the statement often made in these columns that the fall is the pleasantest season of the year in Newport.

"You may retire," said Gov. Moses to a colored waiter who was standing behind his chair in a South Carolina restaurant. "Seize me, sah," said the waiter, "I'm 'sponsible for de spoons."

PORTSMOUTH

The Portsmouth Branch of the American Red Cross Society gave an entertainment on Wednesday evening at the Portsmouth Library. A very interesting illustrated lecture, "The Roof of the World," Inca Land was given by Mr. Phillips of Bristol Ferry. Music was also enjoyed. Cake and homemade candy were on sale!

Sarah Rebekah Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F., celebration of Children's Night was held on Wednesday evening at Oakdale Hall. A large number of parents and children were present. Prizes were awarded for the prettiest costume for girls, Miss Avis Thomas winning this prize; and for the best old-fashioned costume. Miss Ruth Peckham won the prize. The boys' prizes were awarded to Masters Fred Babbitt and Maynard Malone, for the neatest boys. Recitations, songs and piano selections were given by the children. Miss Thomas gave a toe dance. Refreshments were served by the committee.

The meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union was postponed from Friday evening, as that was the date of the caucus at the Town Hall.

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, R. I., Sheriff's Office, Newport, R. I., August 1st, A. D. 1924.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 3301 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1924, and returnable to the said Court January 15th, A. D. 1925, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 2nd day of June, A. D. 1924, in favor of Ray B. Wilson, Jr., of the City of Newport, County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, plaintiff and against Denis J. Shea, alias John Doe, and Margaret U. Shea, alias Jane Doe, of the City of Newport, County and State aforesaid, defendants, I have this day at 35 minutes past 11 o'clock a. m. levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendants, Denis J. Shea, alias John Doe, and Margaret U. Shea, alias Jane Doe, had on the 10th day of February, A. D. 1923 at 35 minutes past 9 o'clock a. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows:

1st Parcel: Northerly by land now or formerly of Eastern Home Building Association; Easterly by land now or formerly of Alice G. Vanderbilt; Southerly by land now or formerly of Eastern Home Building Association, and Westerly by Vanderbilt Avenue, or however otherwise bounded or described.

2nd Parcel: Northerly partly by land now or formerly of Joseph A. Donovan and partly by land now or formerly of the Newport Water Works; Easterly partly by land now or formerly of Patrick J. Black, partly by a court or way leading from Morgan street and partly by land now or formerly of Theodore T. Vieth; Southerly partly by land now or formerly of the United States Housing Corporation, and partly by land now or formerly of John E. Miller and wife, and Westerly by land now or formerly of St. Augustine's Church. Be all of the said measurements more or less or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Superior Court in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on the 1st day of November, A. D. 1924, at 10 o'clock A. M. for the satisfaction of said execution debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,

Deputy Sheriff.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Office of the Secretary of State, Providence

At the session of the General Assembly, begun and holden at Providence on the first day of January, 1923, a Resolution in the words following was on June 8, 1923, adopted, viz:

"Resolution Proposing an Amendment to the Constitution of the State

"Resolved, A majority of all the members elected to each house of the general assembly voting thereto, that the following amendment to the Constitution of the state be proposed to the qualified electors of the state in accordance with the provisions of Article XIII of the Constitution for their adoption, to be denominated Article — of amendments.

"Article

"Section 1. Every bill, resolution or vote (except such as relate to adjournment, the organization or conduct of either or both houses of the general assembly, and resolutions proposing amendments to the constitution) which shall have passed both houses of the general assembly shall be presented to the governor. If he approve it shall sign it, and thereupon it shall become operative; but if he does not approve it he shall return it, accompanied by his objections in writing, to the house in which it originated, which shall enter its objections in full upon its journal and proceed to reconsider it. If, after such reconsideration, three-fifths of the members present and voting in that house shall vote to pass the measure, it shall be sent, with the objections to the other house, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and if approved by three-fifths of the members present and voting in that house, it shall become operative in the same manner as if the governor had approved it, but in such cases the votes of both houses shall be determined by yes and nays and the names of the members voting for and against the measure shall be entered upon the journal of each house, respectively. If the measure shall not be returned by the governor within six days (Sundays excepted) after it shall have been presented to him, the same shall become operative unless the general assembly, by adjournment, prevents its return, in which case it shall become operative, unless transmitted by the governor to the secretary of state, with his disapproval in writing, within ten days after such adjournment. If any bill presented to the governor contains any specific item or items providing for appropriations of public money, or property, he may object to one or more such item or items, while approving other portions of the bill. The portions approved shall become operative; but in case he shall object to any specific item or items thereof, he shall append to the bill at the time of signing it, a statement of the specific item or items which he declines to approve, together with his reasons therefor, and each item objected to shall then separately take the same course, and shall become operative only according to the same rules and limitations prescribed in this section, in the case of other bills which may have been disapproved by the governor.

"Sec. 2. This amendment shall take in the constitution of the state, the place of section one of Article XV of articles of amendment to the constitution all of which section and all other provisions of the constitution inconsistent herewith are hereby annulled."

THE NAMES OF ALL THE MEMBERS WHO VOTED THEREON WITH THE YEAS AND NAYS, ARE AS FOLLOWS:

In the Senate

YEAS

Mr. Leon D. Andrews West Greenwich
Frederick L. Austin Smithfield
Samuel R. Avery Hopkinton
John J. Barry Central Falls
Frederick A. H. Bodington Little Compton

James T. Caswell Narragansett
Daniel W. Coggeshall Bristol
Frederick B. Cole Warren
Patrick J. Cox Woonsocket
Joseph J. Cunningham

Abraham P. Datson Westerly
Willis A. Drew Barrington
Henry A. Evers Cranston
Adelard J. Fortier Pawtucket
Harris A. Hammond Foster
Jesse H. Hopkins Coventry
Thomas F. Kane Sr. North Smithfield

J. Eugene Littlefield New Shoreham
John H. McCabe Burrillville
John J. McGrane Providence
Robert C. McMechan

Edgar E. Matteson Warwick
Howard R. Peckham Middletown
Clarke Potter North Kingstown
John H. Powers Cumberland
Robert E. Quinn West Warwick
Adolph F. Rietzel Charlestown
Samuel R. Robinson

Charles E. Salisbury Scituate
Arthur A. Sherman Portsmouth
Sayles B. Steere Gloucester
Charles S. Weaver Richmond
Yeas, 32. Nays, 0.

In the House of Representatives

YEAS

Mr. Harold B. Andrews Cranston
Lorenzo Bachand Woonsocket
Frank E. Ballou Providence
Frank E. Barber Pawtucket
Edward B. Belknap

Frank O. Bergstrom East Greenwich
Herbert Bliss Newport

Mr. Edgar Boisvert Woonsocket
Thomas A. Boyle Cranston
Edward C. Brown Providence
William F. Brown Providence
Frederick R. Brownell Little Compton

Edward L. Byers East Providence
Joseph Cadorette Central Falls
Joseph A. Carignan Woonsocket
J. Winsfield Church

Benjamin Cianciarulo Providence
George C. Clark Providence
Francis B. Condon Central Falls
Arthur T. Costigan Cumberland
Samuel H. Davis Westerly
Arthur B. Dexter Foster

Giles P. Dunn Jr. New Shoreham
Judah F. Dwire Burrillville
Charles R. Eston Providence
James H. Fish West Greenwich
Aime J. Forand Central Falls
Donat P. Fortier Warren
Alphonse Gauvin Lincoln
Byron J. Hull Scituate
John A. Hamilton Cranston
Joseph C. Harlacker Cranston
Curwin C. Harrall Providence
Richard Herrick Woonsocket
Harry Horowitz Providence
Harold I. Huey Lincoln
Peter F. Hughes Providence
Lewis W. Hull Jamestown
Vincent J. Johnson Smithfield
Philip C. Joslin Providence
John J. Kelley Cumberland
James H. Kieran Providence
James F. Lavender Bristol
John A. Lawson Warwick
James W. Leighton West Warwick

George D. Lewis Tiverton
Frank W. Lockwood Warwick
John J. Lucie Central Falls
Patrick B. McCaughey Pawtucket

Thomas P. McCoy Pawtucket
John B. McGorty Providence
John F. McKeown West Warwick
Daniel F. McLaughlin East Providence

Michael P. McLaughlin Providence
James J. Maher Providence
William A. Maher Newport
James J. Martin Newport
James H. Mathews Providence
William J. Miley Providence
David E. Mills Charlestown
John B. Mitchell Providence
James E. Nolan Providence
Mrs. Isabelle Ahearn O'Neill Providence

Mr. George W. Parrott North Providence
Frederick S. Peck Barrington
William J. Peckham Middletown
Arthur T. S. Phettemplace Gloucester

Robert M. Pollard Pawtucket
Joseph A. Potvin Pawtucket
Philip E. Quinn Providence
Roy Rawlings Richmond
T. Howard Ray East Providence
William E. Reddy West Warwick
Thomas J. Reilly Jr. Providence

Joseph Rousseau Pawtucket
William E. Rynn Woonsocket
John H. Scannevin Newport
Raymond E. Shawcross Providence

Herbert D. Stoeum North Kingstown
William D. Strachan Pawtucket
J. Frank Sullivan Providence
Byron O. Sweet Johnston
Henry Tatro Burrillville
William H. Thayer Bristol
Joseph Veneziale Providence

NAY

William T. Sherman Exeter
Yea, 85. Nays, 1.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, Se. Sheriff's Office, Newport, R. I., July 19th, 1924.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 3314 issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 24th day of June, A. D. 1924, and returnable to the said Court September 26th, A. D. 1924, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 24th day of June, A. D. 1924, in favor of Clifton B. Ward, alias John Doe, of the Town of Middletown, in the County of Newport, and Plaintiff, and against Clifton B. Ward, alias John Doe, of the Town of Middletown, in the County of Newport, and Defendant, I have this day at 35 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m. levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Clifton B. Ward, alias John Doe, had on the 20th day of May, A. D. 1924, at 11 minutes past 9 o'clock a. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings, and improvements thereupon, situated in said Town of Middletown, in the County of Newport, and Plaintiff, and described as follows:

One undivided half part of a parcel of land, situated in the town of Middletown and bounded thus, to wit:

Begining at the Northeast corner thereof on Aquidneck Avenue being the southeast corner of land now or formerly of the Henry Battley estate, thence southerly bounded easterly by said Avenue, one four hundred eighty-two (482) feet measured on the westerly side of said Avenue, thence westerly making an interior angle of 101 degrees 21 minutes, eleven hundred eighty-seven (1187) feet to land now or formerly of the Henry Battley estate, thence north easterly running an interior angle of 61 degrees 21 minutes, with said Battley land one hundred sixty-one and 8-10 (161.8) feet, thence northerly with said Battley land, one hundred thirty 6-10 (330.6) feet to said Smith land, thence easterly bounded northerly by said Smith land eleven hundred eighty-eight (1188) feet to the place of beginning, containing by estimation two and 75-100 (2,752) acres of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on the 25th day of October, A. D. 1924, at 11 o'clock a. m. for the satisfaction of said Execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

9-27-41

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, Se. Sheriff's Office, Newport, R. I., July 19th, 1924.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 3314 issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 24th day of June, A. D. 1924, and returnable to the said Court September 26th, A. D. 1924, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 24th day of June, A. D. 1924, in favor of Clifton B. Ward, alias John Doe, of the Town of Middletown, in the County of Newport, and Plaintiff, and against Clifton B. Ward, alias John Doe, of the Town of Middletown, in the County of Newport, and Defendant, I have this day at 35 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m. levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Clifton B. Ward, alias John Doe, had on the 20th day of May, A. D. 1924, at 11 minutes past 9 o'clock a. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings, and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, and Plaintiff, and described as follows:

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AND

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FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

9-27-41

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